

Harrisons, followed by a day in Eppmg Forest, where he read Keats and Rossetti aloud to her, then, throughout the later months of 1890, a busy correspondence. Partly about Trade Unionism, which she proposed next to investigate, partly about other things. The endless long letters which served him as excuse for not walking in the Bavarian Hills when he and Shaw went to Oberanmeigau in 1890, were, of course, to her. They came and went daily, these letters. Could he read her handwriting⁹ If so, he accomplished what no one else in the world has been able to do.

His own mind he seems to have known from the first. In her case, there were hesitations. Her father's condition, anyhow, made any public engagement impossible. There had to be a certain amount of subterfuge about meeting, for that reason. Steadily, however, affection was completing what intellectual sympathy had begun. In the spring of 1891 she sent him the proof of her book, *The Co-operative Movement*. By the press it was received with respectful enthusiasm, he, however, said frankly that he was disappointed, the book ought to have taken her six weeks to write, not seven months. She needed his help, for future work. For more than future work she had come to realise that. In May, they became privately engaged. Only a few close friends, like Mrs J R Gieen, the Pearsall Smiths, the Fredenc Harrisons, and, of course, G B, S, were in the secret.

On the first day of 1892, Mr Potter died
Six months
later, in July, Sidney Webb and Beatrice
Potter were
married They set forth together for Ireland,
to combine
a honeymoon with investigation into Trade
Societies
in Dublin